

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Celtic Crosses.

"What hopes!" he cried, "what love, what truth
These ancient crosses speak!
What chastening thoughts for strength and youth,
What sinews for the weak.

"With Vandal Time these sculptures rude
But sacred combat well;
Like trusty friends, they have outstood
The wealth that from us fell.

"'Twould seem the centuried bones beneath
With strength of faith had grown
To mark the true soul's hope in death,
And rose in sculptured stone.

"Ye granite graybeards of the past,
Who watch our kindred o'er,
With us may e'er your teachings last,
That we the Cross adore.

"These crosses, like great note-marks, stand
O'er all the Celtic sod,
Grown gray in agony of love,
Referring us to God!"

—From *Eva*, by *Savage*.

Juvenal.

Decimus Junius Juvenalis was, according to Suetonius, the son, or the adopted son, of a wealthy freedman. The time of his birth cannot be exactly ascertained, but it is safe to assume that he must have flourished during the reign of Domitian, towards the close of the first century after Christ. Aquino, an inconsiderable town of the Volsci, in which he was either born or resided, can likewise boast of having, more than ten centuries later, given birth to the prince of mediæval schoolmen and philosophers, St. Thomas. Like Quintilian, the Senecas, and many other prominent representatives of the silver age, Juvenal passed the greater part of his life in the study and practice of declamation and eloquence. With him, however, oratory seems to have been rather an amusement than a settled occupation. It was only after he had attained middle life that the true bent of his genius seems to have been revealed to him by a short satire which he had directed against a favorite minion of the Emperor, the buffoon Paris, at that time all-powerful in Rome. Thenceforth he devoted himself exclusively to this species of composition. But very few particulars of his life can be learned. His unmerciful lashing of the vices of the times seems to have drawn down upon him the anger of a corrupt court. At the instigation, it is said, of Paris, he was banished to Egypt, where some are inclined to believe that he died at the age of eighty. The internal evidence however, afforded by some of his works scarcely leaves us

free to adopt this supposition. Certain passages, covert allusions to prominent personages, and a few words of praise (a species of composition in which he very rarely indulged) generally supposed to have been addressed to the successors of Domitian, go to prove that he must have lived in Rome under the Antonys. That he spent some time in Egypt either as a tourist or an exile is unquestionable, but in all probability he returned to Rome after the death of Domitian, where he died during the reign of Hadrian. Whatever persecutions he may have been obliged to undergo, the only effect they produced was to excite in him a more bitter hatred against every species of tyranny, and to turn the point of his satire from minions and court favorites to the highest officials, and even the emperor himself, whose folly, licentiousness and bloodthirstiness he lashes with a most unsparing hand.

The satires of Juvenal, especially when corroborated by the annals and histories of Tacitus, present a picture of Roman manners which is simply appalling. Modern times have witnessed eras of corruption and licentiousness which one would almost wish to see effaced from the annals of mankind, but the wild carnival of the Restoration or Regency can offer no parallel to the condition of Rome under the Cæsars. The whole fabric of society was but a heap of hopeless ruins. As early as the days of Cicero the popular religion had fallen into such contempt that two augurs could not look each other in the face without smiling; and the progress downward had been steady. Mysteries were rejected with scorn—players, dancers, sycophants and debauchees were omnipotent—virtue was a by-word, philosophy a school of deceit—friendship existed no longer—confidence was destroyed, every man feared even his most familiar acquaintance. The city swarmed with informers seeking whom they might make their prey—birth, station, innocence offered no guarantee of safety—the only hope of escaping unharmed lay in being an accomplice in crime. All classes had thrown off even the mesh of decency—women of the highest rank appeared in the arena matched with trained gladiators—patricians ruined by gambling and luxuries would cringe for a morsel of bread and dispute with the vilest outcasts of the populace for fragments of the *sportula*, emperors themselves took part in scenes of folly and debauchery, and unblushingly in the open light of day lent themselves to crimes at which one dare not even hint. The chains of despotism which Augustus had so studiously concealed in flowers were now displayed in all their native hideousness. Orators were dumb; or, if raised at all, their voice was simply to palliate infamy or eulogize crime. Court poets like Martial revelled with cynical delight in impurities from whose loathsome infection one must recoil with horror and disgust; the senate, forgetting the traditions of a

Brutus, a Cato or a Cicero, seemed every day anxious only to dig some deeper pit of degradation into which it might plunge. Times such as these would have excited and shocked even the urbane and courtly Horace. In the days of Horace society was tainted; vice was a subject for ridicule, the poet contented himself with protesting against it in the name of decorum and taste; in the age of Juvenal, society was putrid, the only sentiment therefore to which it could give rise in the breast of a philosophical observer was one of loathing disgust or of uncontrollable indignation. With Horace, vice if not too gross to outrage his sense of decorum and propriety, if properly gilded or concealed with necessary precaution, was a thing to be trifled with or bantered on; he is not a stern, unflinching moralist; on the contrary his aim seems to have been to form what might be known in our days as a "*jeunesse dorée*," or society of tasteful debauchees. In the days of Juvenal, however, the philosophy which Horace inculcated had by a logic peculiarly its own produced its natural consequences. Vice had ceased to be either gilded or concealed, but was unblushingly exhibited in all its grossness and deformity.

Juvenal therefore undertook to champion the cause of morality, as Horace had championed the cause of taste, and Persius the cause of liberty. With all the biting severity of Horace, with more than his energy, and a far greater moral worth—with all the gravity and dignity of Persius—an almost equal inflexibility of principle and a far more intimate acquaintance with human nature, "he fixed his whole soul on the eternal distinctions between good and evil, and labored with a magnificence of language peculiar to himself to set forth the loveliness of virtue and the horror and deformity of vice in full and perfect display." The characteristics of Juvenal are energy and indignation; so keenly does he perceive and feel all the miseries of the age that his burning eloquence, it must be acknowledged, not unfrequently tends to exaggeration, but still we cannot but notice that he is occasionally afflicted as well as exasperated. The tyranny and corruption of the age had produced their natural effect on literature. In this period of moral dearth the fountains of genius seemed to have been dried up. The spirit of poetry which had lingered with Lucian and Statius, seemed at length and forever departed. Historians, not daring to utter their real sentiments, were silent, or like Tacitus labored on unnoticed, awaiting the dawn of better days.

There were critics, grammarians, sophists, declaimers, verse-writers, but no orators, historians, philosophers or poets. Juvenal therefore while pouring out the vials of his wrath on the social abasement of the age is necessarily obliged to stigmatize its intellectual decadence. Though not entirely free himself from the declamatory affectation of the age, we find him attacking the false literary taste of his contemporaries as unsparingly as he did their moral depravity. From Sejanus to Cluvienas no one was allowed to escape. That Juvenal was actuated with a noble hatred of vice seems unquestionable, but perhaps we have reason to regret that he seldom or never gives any indication of an amiable and kind-hearted disposition. Behind all the malice of satirists like Horace and Boileau there are marks of a kindly spirit, traces of *bonhomie* perceptible, which sometimes tend to reconcile us to their sarcasms; but the indignation of Juvenal is constantly at a white heat, his wrath is implacable and unrelenting as fate. He writes like a man who has lost all confidence in his fellow-beings and all hope of leading them to better ways. His denun-

ciation of the follies and vices of mankind is most bitter and unsparing, but when exhorting them to virtue we almost feel that he considers his efforts useless.

Like so many other philosophers of antiquity, he seems to acknowledge that to attempt to stem the ever-rising tide of corruption is to engage in a hopeless struggle—that to recall the human race to a sense of its dignity and duty something more than human virtue is required. However noble therefore may have been the motives which inspired him, he could scarcely hope to succeed in the task in which he had engaged. He was not one to bring back the lost and erring to better ways, or to excite a taste for classic elegance and simplicity. His prejudices were too violent; with him the "*Odi Danaos*" had risen to the dignity of a principle of conduct which he could never allow himself to violate. His criticisms are often surly and ill-mannered, not to say brutal—as a moralist he is too savage and misanthropic. In many points the genius of Juvenal bears a striking resemblance to that of the great apologist Tertullian. In both there was the same uncompromising hatred of error and deceit, the same loud-spoken abhorrence of every species of injustice and oppression. For fixedness of purpose, deep-seated earnest conviction and burning eloquence the palm must without hesitation be awarded to Tertullian, while any difference between them on the score of taste may be set down to the credit of Juvenal.

Amongst the many who have undertaken translations of Juvenal few could be so well adapted to transfer his spirit into English as Dr. Johnson. "He had the same rude, plain-spoken hatred of vice; and though not unamiable, did his best to conceal what amiability he possessed under a forbidding exterior. He was not without gayety and sprightliness; but he concealed it under that stateliness and declamatory grandeur which he attributes to Juvenal."

"*Le style, c'est l'homme*," says Buffon, and we find this rule verified in the case of Juvenal. His style was the reflex of his mind; his views being radical, strong and clear, his style is vigorous and lucid. His moral character was above suspicion in an age of frightful corruption; in like manner, his language shines forth in almost classic purity and elegance, while his contemporaries produced so many examples of declining and degenerate taste. The subjects which he treats oblige him not unfrequently to be gross and offensive; we are sometimes shocked by the cruelty of his descriptions, and turn with disgust from the horrors which he lays bare; but still we remain convinced that his object is to expose vice in all its deformity, and we would never venture to accuse him of being indecent for the sake of "pandering to a corrupt taste or gratifying a prurient imagination." Juvenal closes the list of great Latin satirists. The satirical spirit, it is true, is observable in some of his contemporaries, and in a few of the poets of after generations, but their object seems to have been rather to shower contempt on vicious individuals than to hold up vice itself as an object of ridicule and horror. W. E. T.

Sidney Smith.

No one can help admiring Sidney Smith. Brimful of wit, having the terrible power of converting words into "sharp swords," he never uttered a witticism at the expense of the personal feelings of his friends, and never used his powerful weapons of satire except to combat in-

tolerance, to strip the mask from cant and hypocrisy, and expose them to the scorn of the world.

Born in 1771, at Woodford, in Essex, he died in London, in the month of February, 1845. His father, Robert Smith, married Miss Olier, the younger daughter of a French emigrant, a lady of refined mind and great beauty. Sidney and his brother Robert inherited from their mother much personal beauty. Robert was intimate with Tallyrand, and on one occasion when the conversation turned on the transmission of beauty from parent to children, Robert extolled the beauty of his mother in the highest terms, on which the witty Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders, exclaimed: "*Ah! mon ami, c'était donc apparemment monsieur votre pere qui n'était pas bien.*"

Sidney, at the age of six, was sent to school to Southampton, and soon after, with his young brother Courtenay, to Winchester. It is related in "A Memoir of the Rev. Sidney Smith," by his daughter, Lady Holland, that he suffered there "years of misery and positive starvation; there was never enough provided, even of the coarsest food, for the whole school, and the little boys were left to fare as best they could." Notwithstanding hunger and neglect, Sidney became captain of the school, and the two brothers received a flattering compliment from the other students, who, in a round-robin, or protest, sent to Dr. Watson, the warden, "refused to try for the College prizes if the Smiths were allowed to contend for them any more, as they always gained them." Referring to this time, Sidney Smith said of himself: "I believe, whilst a boy at school, I made above ten thousand Latin verses, and no man in his senses would dream in after life of ever making another." Although he talked so disparagingly of Latin verse he preserved his knowledge of the language by reading some Latin book and translating English into Latin every day of his life.

Before going to New College, Oxford, in which he was entitled to a Scholarship, and afterwards to a Fellowship, on account of his success in the school in Winchester, he was sent by his father to Mount Villiers in Normandy to perfect himself in the French language, which he ever afterwards spoke with much fluency.

The reputation of New College, which he entered on his return from France, where he had stayed six months, was founded principally upon the amount of port-wine imbibed by the Fellows. Sidney gained his fellowship as soon as possible, but it was worth only £100, and as his father gave him no pecuniary assistance he found that he had to choose between going to prison for debt and abstaining from port. This was, without doubt, the turning-point of his life. Had he, with his fascinating powers and his love for society, become a member of a drinking club, he would have been ruined. But he chose wisely, and abstained from port; by this choice he not only kept clear of prison, but was enabled from his modest means to assist his brother, and no doubt his health and morals profited by his abstinence.

He wished to prepare himself for the bar, but his father prevailed upon him to enter the Church, that is, become a clergyman of the Church of England. After serving a poor curacy on the Salisbury Plain, he became tutor of the son of Mr. Beact. "When first," he says, "I went into the church I had a curacy in the midst of Salisbury Plain. . . . The squire of the parish, Mr. Beact, took a fancy to me, and after I had served it for two years he engaged me as tutor of his eldest son, and it was arranged that I and

his son should proceed to the University of Weimar, in Saxony. We set out, but before reaching our destination, Germany was disturbed by war, and in stress of politics, we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years."

During his stay in this city he formed the acquaintance of Jeffrey, Walter Scott, Allison, Horner, Dugald Stewart, Playfair and Brougham, and other distinguished men residing in Edinburgh.

It has been remarked that though the style of no two men who wrote the same language could be more dissimilar than that of Sidney Smith and Samuel Johnson yet there are many points of great similarity between them. They were both fat men, both abstemious in the use of wine, both endowed with powers of reasoning and of witty repartee far beyond any of their contemporaries. It is also not a little singular that the most intimate friends of each of them were Scotchmen, and that each of them had an irresistible propensity to ridicule the foibles and peculiarities of the Scottish people.

Sidney Smith used to say "it required a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding." He inquires, in one place, whether there is a house in Edinburgh in which a young Englishman could be safely deposited without peril of marrying a Scotch girl with a fortune of 1s. 6d. sterling. "The commissioners," he writes to Lord Grey, "will have hard work with the Scotch Atheists; they are said to be numerous this season, and in great force from the irregular supply of rain." "When I lived in Scotland," he tells Lady Mary Bennett, "very few maids had shoes or stockings, but plodded about the house with feet as large as a family bible, and legs as large as portmanteaus." "It is in vain," he says again, "that I study the subject of the Scotch Church; I have heard it ten times over from Murray and twenty times from Jeffrey, and I have not the smallest conception of what it is about. I know it has something to do with oat-meal, but beyond that I am in utter darkness."

He delighted in thus humorously twitting the Scotch about their metaphysics, with which, he says, they are "so imbued that they make love metaphysically"; and their dinners, and servants, and temper, their delusions on the subject of the climate, etc., and sums up by exclaiming: "Never shall I forget the happy days passed in Scotland, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings."

However, notwithstanding these and many other caustic sayings, and we doubt not he felt what he uttered, about the land o' cakes and Calvinism, his most intimate friends were Scotchmen. For Jeffrey he always had a pleasant as well as a witty word, and though he joked his friend on his diminutive size, he loved him with his whole heart; and Jeffrey deserved it, if we judge of what must have been his disposition from the enthusiastic interest he took in the innocent sports of children. Lady Holland relates that one day he called at Mr. Smith's house, where he found no person but the children, who were leading a young donkey around the garden with a pocket-handkerchief for a bridle. With his usual love for the society of children, he joined in their sport, and to their infinite delight mounted the donkey. He was proceeding in triumph, says Lady Holland (who was one of the children), "amidst our shouts of laughter, when my father and mother, in company, I believe, with Mr. Horner and Mr. Murray, returned from their walk and beheld this scene from the garden door.

Though years and years have passed away since, I still remember the joy-inspiring laughter that burst from my father at this unexpected sight, as, advancing towards his old friend, with a face beaming with delight, and with extended hands, he broke forth in the following impromptu:

"Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not so fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little Jackass!"

But for dogs, Sidney's detestation of the race and their qualities was not softened by any liking for individual members of the canine fraternity. "No," he said, "I don't like dogs; I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog Spot. I proposed 'Out, damned Spot!' but she did not think it sentimental enough." He kept his own dog chained, and a young lady seeing this at his residence at Combe Florey, exclaimed: "Oh, why do you chain up that fine Newfoundland dog, Mr. Smith?" "Because it has a passion for breakfasting on parish boys!" "Parish boys!" she exclaimed, "does he really eat boys, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, he devours them, buttons and all." He was immensely amused at her look of horror; indeed nothing so diverted him as want of appreciation of a joke. A lady was once speaking of the great heat of the weather. "Heat, madam!" he said, "it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones." "Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! oh, Mr. Smith! how could you do that?" she exclaimed with utmost gravity. "Nothing more easy, madam; come and see, next time." The lady declined. But to return to our dogs.

But, first, we must bring up the life of Mr. Smith to the time of the anecdotes. He married in Edinburg, but not a Scotch lady with a fortune of 1s. 6d.; but an English woman named Pybus, who had a small fortune which Mr. Smith insisted should be settled upon her. Sidney's fortune at that time consisted of six silver teaspoons, which he threw into his wife's lap, saying: "There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune!"

In 1803, he went to London, where he remained until 1809. During this time he delivered a series of lectures of which, in 1843, he writes to Dr. Whewell: "My lectures are gone to the dogs and are forgotten; I knew nothing of moral philosophy, but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted £200 to furnish my house. The success, however, was prodigious; all Albemarle street was blocked up with carriages, and such an uproar as I never remember to have been excited by any other literary imposture. Every week I had a new theory about conceptions and perceptions; and supported by a natural manner, a torrent of words, and an impudence scarcely credible in this prudent age. Still, in justice to myself, I must say there were some good things in them. But good and bad are all gone." He had wished to destroy them—even Jeffrey thought the publication of the lectures would add nothing to Sidney Smith's fame; but his wife, the good Kate into whose lap he threw the silver teaspoons, prevented him from destroying them, and afterwards had them published in spite of the opposition of Jeffrey, who at last, just before his death, wrote to Mrs. Smith: "I am now satisfied that in what I then said I did great and grievous injustice to the merit of these lectures, and was quite wrong in dissuading their publication, or concluding they would add

nothing to the reputation of their author." For these lectures he was allowed to name his own terms, and it is needless to say the proceeds were highly acceptable to him, for he was still a poor man, and his favorite motto was: "Make home comfortable; avoid shame, but do not seek glory—nothing so expensive as glory."

In 1809, he removed to Foston-le-Clay, to which living he was appointed by the Lord Chancellor, Erskine.

And here we come to the dogs again.

Shortly after his arrival at Foston, Mr. Smith was appointed magistrate. In his magisterial capacity he kept a private gallows with which he overawed and subdued all biped offenders, but he could not influence the dogs.

"Each farmer," he said, "kept a huge mastiff dog, ranging at large, and ready to make his morning meal on clergy or laity, as best suited his particular taste. I never could approach a cottage in pursuit of my calling, but I rushed into the mouth of one of those shaggy monsters. I scolded, I preached, I prayed, without avail; so I determined to try what fear for their pockets might do. Forthwith appeared in the country papers a minute account of the trial of a farmer, at the Northampton Sessions, for keeping dogs unconfined; where the farmer was not only fined five pounds and reprimanded by the magistrate, but was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The effect was wonderful, and the reign of cerberus ceased in the land. 'That accounts,' said Lord Spencer, 'for what has puzzled me and Althorpe for many years. We never failed to attend the sessions at Northampton, and we could never find out how we had missed the remarkable dog case.'"

In 1828, Lord Lyndhurst, then Lord Chancellor, appointed Sidney Smith to a vacant stall in Bristol Cathedral. The very first duty he had to fulfil was to preach the usual no-popery sermon on the 5th of November. Had he been less courageous he would have abstained from saying anything about the Catholics. But he reversed the proceedings altogether, and, much to the astonishment of his hearers, made an eloquent discourse in favor of the Catholics. Two days afterwards, writing to Mr. Littleton, afterwards Lord Hatherton, he says: "At Bristol, on the 5th of November I gave the Mayor and Corporation such a dose of toleration as shall last them for many a year. A deputation of the pro-popery papers waited on me to print, but I declined." Writing to Lord Lyndhurst on the very day he preached, he says: "To-day I have preached an honest sermon (Nov. 5th) before the Mayor and Corporation, in the Cathedral—the most Protestant Corporation in England! They stared at me with all their eyes. Several of them could not keep the turtle on their stomachs."

Soon after his appointment as canon of Bristol he exchanged Foston for the living of Combe Florey, beautifully situated near Taunton, in Somersetshire, and in 1831 Earl Grey made him canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. His politics interfered with his being promoted to a bishopric; but no man deserved promotion better than Sidney Smith. He led a blameless life, fulfilled all his duties as husband, father, parson and canon; was perfectly orthodox according to the Church of England, and detested infidels and infidelity. "I hate," he said, "the insolence, persecution and intolerance which so often pass under the name of religion, and (as you know) I have fought against them; but I have an unaffected horror of irreligion and impiety; and every principle of suspicion and fear would be excited in me by a man who professed himself an infidel." In a letter to Lord John Russell, he states emphatically the cause

of his not being made bishop. He says in the letter (April 3, 1837):

"Pretended heterodoxy is the plea with which the Bishops endeavored to keep off the bench every man of spirit and independence, and to terrify *you* into the appointment of feeble old men who will be sure to desert *you* (as all your Bishops have lately and shamefully done) in a moment of peril. . . . I defy — to quote a single passage of my writings contrary to the Church of England. . . . I defy him to mention a single action of my life which he can call immoral. . . . I am distinguished as a preacher, and sedulous as a parochial clergyman. His real charge is, that, I am a high spirited, honest, uncompromising man, whom all the bench of bishops could not turn, and who would set them all at defiance on great and vital questions. . . . But I am sincere in saying I would not take any bishopric whatever, and to this I pledge my honor and character as a gentleman."

We must bring this desultory and disjointed article to a close by introducing Sidney Smith's horse, Calamity, which he was accustomed to persuade into a tolerable fast gait by fixing a sieve of oats on the shaft of the vehicle before the horse's nose, thus deluding the poor beast into the idea that if he would trot he would overtake the oats. Though by no means a good horseman, he used also to ride Calamity, and we close with his own words:

"I used to consider a fall from a horse dangerous, but much experience has convinced me to the contrary. I have had six falls in two years, and just behaved like the three per cents. when they fall. I got up again, and am not a bit the worse for it, any more than the stock in question." "Nevertheless," he adds, "I left off riding for the good of my parish and the peace of my family; for, somehow or other, my horse and I had a habit of parting company. On one occasion I found myself suddenly prostrate in the streets of York, much to the delight of the Dissenters. Another time my horse, Calamity, flung me over his head into a neighboring parish, as if I had been a shuttle-cock, and I felt grateful it was not into a neighboring planet; but, as no harm came of it, I might have persevered perhaps if, on a certain day, a quaker tailor from a neighboring village, to which I had said I was going to ride, had not taken it into his head to call soon after my departure, and request to see Mrs. Sidney. She instantly, conceiving I was thrown, if not killed, rushed down to the man, exclaiming: 'Where is he? where is your master? is he hurt?' The astonished and quaking snip stood silent from surprise. 'Is he hurt? I insist upon knowing the worst.'"

"'Why, please ma'am, it is only thy little bill, a very small account, I wanted to settle,' replied he, in much surprise."

This made him give up riding, though he affirmed he knew one man who was a more awkward rider than himself, and who was at least one fall ahead of him.

A Fine Society Hall.

The best college society-room in the West is undoubtedly that of the Alpha Kappa Phi Society, of Hillsdale College, Michigan. It is not only the most costly, but the most convenient, and in every way adapted to the purpose for which it was erected. It is situated in the third story of a large, substantial brick structure recently erected and designed for the use of the various literary societies of the college. The room is easily accessible from a broad double staircase leading up through the central hall, and broken at short intervals by landings, rendering the ascent a matter of no great difficulty. Once within the room and the

visitor is at a loss where to look first, the effect is so uniform and complete. Everything in the room is new, and as bright as silver; and should you visit there on Monday evening, when the society entertainments are given, you will find it difficult to look in any direction at first, the gas-light is so intense. The effect on coming into the strong light from the darkness without, is positively startling and, for a moment, painful.

The room is constructed amphitheatre fashion, and is, in form, an ellipse, with the stage occupying one of its foci. The main entrance is in the rear, at the highest point of the room, near the extreme angle of the last row of chairs, and when the stranger enters he looks down, as it were, upon every person in the room. The floor does not recede like an inclined plane, but descends in broad, easy steps, upon each one of which is placed a long artistically curving line of easy chairs. In the lowest part, directly in front of the raised stage, and nearly in the geographical centre of the room, is a space inclosed by an elegantly inlaid railing and devoted to the use of the musicians. This space is occupied by a grand piano and appropriate furniture, for which musicians are chiefly conspicuous.

As the society is exclusively literary and elocutionary, the stage is small, and its only furniture is the tables and chairs necessary for the use of the president, secretary and critic, which are however of the rarest and most costly design and finish. At the back of the stage the elliptical line is broken by a rear projection which contains two large windows. From the sides of this projection open two narrow doors that lead into anterooms on either side of the stage, and above will be suspended the magnificent banner of the society, with the beautiful motto "*Mens Omnia Regit*," painted in letters of gold. With the exception of this projection the walls present an unbroken surface, even the doors being constructed of iron curved and fitted so cunningly that the eye cannot detect the opening. From a dome in the centre of the ceiling is suspended a brilliant candelabra gas-chandelier, constructed of glass so cut as to refract the light in every direction. This dome will contain a potent reflector, which will render the room many times brighter than daylight, and the walls and ceiling, now finished, in pure white, will be painted and frescoed in the latest designs. The floor is carpeted in heavy body Brussels, and the new chairs which will be placed in the hall next September will be upholstered in dark green and gold *rep*. The society numbers about fifty active members, and the seating capacity of the room is about two hundred more.

A brief description of a society that can afford to build such an assembly-room in college may not prove uninteresting. It was organized in 1857, and chartered by the State Feb. 27th, 1858. The Association is entirely independent of the College, and its charter insures it a perpetual existence. Soon after its formation, the boys recognized the vital importance of having an attractive assembly-room with an abundant library and reading-room. No person was eligible to membership save a regular collegiate (or preparatory) student. The students, ever liberal and zealous, watched and tended their young society with a zealous care—the more so, perhaps, as the college trustees regarded it with no friendly eye. For years it continued to prosper, giving a public entertainment, consisting of declamations, essays, orations and debates, with choice musical selections by amateur celebrities, every Monday evening. These exhibitions were always free, and always drew

a full house. On a chill, drizzling, icy March morning in 1874, the college buildings took fire and were completely destroyed. The Alpha boys saved most of their furniture, and about 3,000 volumes of their library. Their hall was insured for 1100 dollars, which they deposited in the bank, and when the trustees erected the new college they donated to the society the large room which now constitutes their elegant hall. The room was given by the trustees, by a regular conveyance, on condition that it should be finished at once. The boys went to work, issued circulars begging for aid to their old members who had already graduated and gone into the world. The cost of the new room is about seven thousand dollars, nearly all of which is paid.

When the hall was under construction a serious question arose: What would the Society do with its library? Many projects were canvassed, when at last it was decided to donate it to the College, on condition that the whole library at the College should forever be free to every member of the Alpha Kappa Phi Society. This arrangement will prove, undoubtedly, of great advantage to both parties, as it will dispense with one librarian and at the same time place a larger number of useful books at the disposal of all. It may be, to a stranger, a matter of surprise that students should give their money so liberally to a Society from which they can derive benefit for only a few years at best but when one understands the vitality, the enthusiasm, the real *esprit du corps* of the organization, he ceases to wonder, and begins to regard the Society as capable of still more worthy achievement.

Literary Societies constitute the strongest tie that binds the student to his college home, the alumnus to his *Alma Mater*. No association can prosper without a permanent organization and a society-room of its own; and the more beautiful that room is made the more the student becomes attached to it.

Why cannot the students of Notre Dame have such a hall? If the College authorities should erect a building between the music-rooms and Washington hall, as they contemplate doing, for the purpose of furnishing a library and reading-room to the students of both departments, would it not be well that the building be made sufficiently large to furnish a room to each organization, with the understanding that the societies go to work and furnish them as elegantly as possible? When once begun, these things progress easily and rapidly. They will gather strength year after year until they become the pride and ornament of the University.

T. A. D.

Good Books.

A good book has been likened to a well-chosen orchard tree, carefully tended. Its fruits are not of one season. Year by year it yields abundant product, and often of a richer hue and flavor.

Perhaps the calmer industry of the matured taste helps it to find the hidden fragrance. Many flowers—gay and flaunting—the commonest insects may rifle; but only the bee's tongue reaches the honey where it lies in a long tube. Moreover, the toil of the bee is always tranquil; its hum ceases over the blossom. From numberless books the fluttering reader—idle and inconstant—bears away the bloom that only clings to the outer leaf; but genius has its nectaries, delicate glands, and secresies of sweetness, and upon these the thoughtful mind must settle in its labor, be-

fore the choice perfume of fancy and wisdom is drawn forth.

The truest blessing of literature is found in the inward light and peace which it bestows. Bentley advised his nephew never to read a book that he could not quote; as if the thrush in the May-leaves did not contradict the caution. The music of wisdom is in the heart.

A sincere lover of literature loves it for itself alone; and it rewards his affection. He is sheltered as in a fortress; whatever troubles and sorrows may besiege him outside, his well of water, his corn, and his wine are safe within the walls; the world is shut out. Even in the tumults of great affairs he is undisturbed.

A story is told of a Roman who expended vast sums in purchasing a household of learned slaves. He wished to have the best poets and historians in living editions. One servant recited the whole of the "Iliad," another chanted the Odes of Pindar. Every standard author had a representative. The free press has replaced the bondman.

Literature is no longer an heirloom, nor can an emperor monopolize Horace. A small outlay obtains a choicer collection of verses than the ancient amateur enjoyed, and without the annoyances to which he was subject.

He had no familiar book for a corner, nor any portable poet to be a companion in a cornfield or under a tree. Not even Nero could compress a slave into an Elzevir. Moreover disappointments sometimes occurred. Perhaps the deputy "Pindar" was out of the way, or a sudden indisposition of "Homer" interrupted Ulysses in the middle of an harangue, and left Hector stretching out his arms to his child in vain.

Pleasant it would be for us, in our gloomy hours of time and sadness, if we might imitate that Indian bird which, enjoying the sunshine all the day, secures a faint reflection of it in the night, by sticking glow-worms over the walls of its nest. And something of this light is obtained from the books read in youth, to be remembered in age:—

"And summer's green all girted up in sheaves."

Coleridge said that the scenes of his childhood were so deeply written on his mind, that when, upon a still, shining day of summer he shut his eyes, the river Otter ran murmuring down the room, with the soft tints of its waters, the crossing plank, the willows on the margin, and the colored sands of its bed. The lover of books has memories also not less sweet or dear. Having drunk of the springs of intellect in his childhood, he will continue to quench his thirst from them in the heat, the burden, and the decline of the day. The corrupted streams of popular entertainment flow by him unregarded. He lives among the society of an elder age. Tasteful learning he numbers among the chiefest blessings of his home; when clasping the hand of religion, it becomes its vassal and its friend.

By this union he obtains the watchfulness and the guidance of two companions, loving and beloved, who redouble his delights in health, bring flowers to his pillow in sickness, and shed the lustre and the peace of the past and the future over the blackness and the consternation of the present.

—A certain parson, who is also a school-teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it awhile, and said, "I pass." Second boy took it and said, "I turn it down." The third boy stared at it awhile and drawled out, "I can't make it." "Very good, boys," said the parson, "we will cut for a new deal." And the switch danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.

Art, Music and Literature.

—"The Conduct of Life" and "Society and Solitude" will be the first volumes in the "Little Classic" Emerson.

—Mrs. Procter is again in London for the purpose of preparing the memoirs and correspondence of her late husband ("Barry Cornwall") for the press.

—In a register of the year's doings in drama and music published in Paris, the United States has but one entry, the opera of "Ostrolenka" by J. H. Bonawitz, of Philadelphia.

—Prof. Horowitz, of Vienna, is writing the life of Erasmus, and desires any who may have cognizance of any hitherto unpublished letters written by or to Erasmus to inform him of the fact.

—An English poetess, Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, is preparing for the press a poem of considerable length, the scene of which is laid in the Snowdon region about fifty years after the death of King Arthur.

—Messrs. Trubner will shortly publish "The Folk-Lore of China, and its Affinities with that of the Aryan and Semitic Races," by N. B. Dennys, member of the Asiatic Societies of London and Shanghai.

—"The Rose of Erin" left for Washington on Saturday last, to give one of her celebrated literary and musical evenings for the Carroll Institute. She also appears at Lawrence, Mass., May 19, and at Jersey City on the 23d of May.

—Mr. Holman has left Jerusalem on a painting expedition connected with the important work which he contemplates, and has made considerable preparations to carry it out. He is now definitively, or, for some time, settled, with Jerusalem as his headquarters, and is in excellent health.

—While at least nine-tenths of all the musicians in New York are of German nationality, it is a singular fact that nearly all the band-masters of note are of other nationalities. Gilmore is Irish; Dodworth, English; Robertson, Scotch; Conterno, Italian; Graffula, Spanish; Downing, American; and O'Brien, Irish.

—Bierstadt has completed for the Centennial his large and important historical picture, "Settlement of California," which was effected by the Spaniards at Monterey Bay in 1770. It is worked with Mr. Bierstadt's breadth of treatment, yet faithfulness to detail which enhances the value without magnifying the picture.

—A French paper, published in the Department of Loire and Cher, says: The event of the day is the appearance of an historical essay which cannot fail to create a sensation in the literary world—and which throws much light on one of the most obscure questions in French history. The title of the work is: "Louis the XVII Avenged; or, The last word of History concerning the true Dauphin, Baron de Richemont, from authentic documents hitherto not published." By Victor de Stenay.

—An important work on "French Florida," by M. Gaffarel, has just been issued in Paris. *The Academy* says that it "belongs to the more learned department of historical work; it is a conscientious and interesting study of the history of Florida, that colony which was established with such daring and success and lost in consequence of so many mistakes. M. Gaffarel has had access to a considerable number of unpublished documents, and his book can hardly fail to interest both the English and the American public."

—William Page, the artist, in reply to the declaration of Admiral Jenkins that Farragut was not lashed to the rigging of his flag-ship at Mobile, says that his information on the subject was obtained from Admiral Farragut himself, who said that he tied himself to the shrouds for the purpose of preventing his body from falling into the sea, in case that he was killed or wounded, in order that it might be preserved for his family. The Admiral took a rope and showed him just how he did it, and Page painted his picture in accordance with these facts.

—There is offered for sale in London, in one lot, a con-

siderable portion of Thackeray's library; an extensive collection of books containing many highly interesting *marginalia* and sketches in pen and pencil in his autograph; also, a large collection of his original drawings, together with the autograph of one of his poems; the original autograph draft of his letter to Charles Dickens, on the subject of the dispute with Edmund Yates at the Garrick Club; and unpublished etchings, etc., by him. There are above 270 volumes to which he has added value.

—Mr. J. O. Halliwell has privately printed, states *The Athenæum*, a list of the most important parcels in his extensive and valuable collection of materials throwing light on the life of Shakespere and the history of the drama in Shakespere's days. This little book, which is neatly printed and provided with a good index, will give some idea of the extraordinary industry with which Mr. Halliwell pursues his labor of love, besides forming a valuable guide to Shakesperean scholars. In addition to this he has printed a list of his "study books," as a contribution to Shakesperean bibliography.

—Mr. Edmond Scherer, a French writer, gives the following unique criticism of Milton's "Paradise Lost" in a recent work: "Paradise Lost is a false, grotesque, tiresome poem; not one reader in a hundred can go without smiling through the ninth and tenth books, or without yawning through the eleventh and twelfth. It does not hold together; it is a pyramid balancing on its point—the most frightful of problems resolved by the most puerile of means. And yet, nevertheless, 'Paradise Lost' is immortal, and lives in virtue of some episodes which will remain for ever famous. In opposition to Dante, whom we must read altogether if we wish really to possess his beauties, we must read Milton only in fragments. But these fragments are part of the poetic patrimony of the human race."

—Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel, the eminent music-publishers of Leipzig, have issued a prospectus of an undertaking which can only be described as colossal. This is nothing less than the publication of a uniform edition of the entire works of Mozart, at least one-third of which exist at present only in manuscript. Some idea of the enormous extent of the work may be formed from the fact that the list of compositions given in the prospectus comprises fifteen masses, thirty-eight litanies, vespers, offertories, and other smaller sacred pieces, twenty-one operas, fifty-six pieces of vocal music (concert airs, etc.), with orchestral accompaniment, fifty-nine songs with piano, and canons, forty-one symphonies, seventy-seven orchestral works of other classes, forty-nine concertos, forty quintettes and quartettes, 118 pianoforte pieces with and without accompaniment, and seventeen sonatas for organ with instruments—in all, 540 works. This is not only more than double the number of pieces contained in the complete edition of Beethoven published by the same firm some ten years since, but there is a much larger proportion of extensive works: the whole collection will probably fill seventy or eighty volumes! In form it will be similar to the edition of Beethoven just referred to, and to that of Mendelssohn now in the course of publication, and it will be issued at the same very moderate price—about threepence per sheet.

Books and Periodicals.

—The *Folio* for June is on our table. It is newsy and gossip as usual, with a good selection of music.

—We have received the May number of that sterling musical journal, *Church's Musical Visitor*—always a welcome visitor. The selected matter as well as the editorial is of the best order. The music is excellent.

—In this week's issue of the Baltimore *Mirror* is given the first instalment of an excellent new novel, "The Brown House at Duffield," by Minnie Mary Lee. To those who have read "Hubert's Wife," by the same author, the mere mention of another story from the same pen will be sufficient. To those who have not enjoyed the pleasure of reading any of Mss L.'s former works, we say: "If you want to read an entertaining story, subscribe to the *Mirror*. The price is only \$3.00 a year, including the choice of a book worth \$1.50. Address Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

THE SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC may now be procured at the Students' Office, and at Jansen, McClurg & Co's. 117 and 119 State Street, Chicago.

Notre Dame, May 20, 1876.

True.

That which demonstrates in the strongest possible manner the weakness of all denominations opposed to the Church built upon the rock of Peter, is the fact that for the education of their children they are forced to rely on the assistance of the State.

For the education of their children, Catholics demand no aid from the State; they simply ask that they be relieved from the weary burden, unjustly imposed on them, of assisting, by their taxes, in the support of schools to which they cannot in conscience send their children. When, however, they make this just and reasonable demand they are met with an outcry from all outside the pale of the Church that their desire is to keep their children in ignorance. Even many honest men not in communion with the Church, whose native honesty would induce them to do justice to Catholics, are prevented from so doing by the conviction they have that the various non-Catholic denominations, and the portion of population who outwardly profess to believe in no religion whatsoever, could not, or at least would not, support separate schools for the education of their children. Now, Catholics in this country, though in the minority, though not blessed with a large portion of this world's goods, though hampered in their endeavors by the unjust tax imposed upon them to support an expensive system of education from which they can in conscience derive no advantage, have supported their own schools, so that there is scarcely a Catholic church throughout the length and breadth of the land that does not stand near by a Catholic school-house.

Take away this tax; let each religious denomination and those who profess no religion, depend upon their own efforts for the education of their children, and what would be the result? Non-Catholics and infidels, alike, admit that the result would be that they could not keep up their schools. On the other hand, Catholics, who even now support their own schools, would be enabled to give still greater and more ample educational advantages to their children.

That Catholics, while giving their proportionate share towards the support of the public schools, maintain their own in a flourishing condition, demonstrates that in our own day, as in all ages, the Catholic Church is earnest in fulfilling her duty of educating her children. That Catholics are able to maintain their schools without State support, and that non-Catholics confess their own inability to do so, shows that the Catholic Church is the only organization in our civilized society that can educate its children without demanding outside aid. When we consider attentively these two undeniable facts, is it not time that the honest portion of our non-Catholic brethren should open

their eyes to the real state of the case and cease uttering the oft-repeated charge that the Catholic Church tries to keep her children in ignorance—a charge that the whole history of Christendom, as well as her position at the present time, refutes in a manner that cannot be gainsaid.

With the Philopatrians.

Washington Hall was well filled with an intellectual and attractive audience, Tuesday evening, to witness the juvenile Philopatrians evolve before the footlights. The Entertainment was complimentary to Very Rev. A. Granger, who, to the sorrow of his young friends, was prevented by sickness from being present.

The Entertainment began with a promptness that ought to serve as an example to some of our older dramatic associations. There was none of that waiting and watching and wondering why the curtain did not roll up—but, on the contrary, exactly the reverse,—the audience had scarcely settled into comfortable position when the Band struck up one of Rossini's very best overtures and the fun began.

Messrs. Riopelle and Robertson sang a pretty duet, and did it well; Master Halley read a well-written address from the Society; the Orchestra played one of its excellent productions; and the first part closed with a comical prologue to the plays (decidedly Stacian) which was well rendered by W. Irvine. "THE TALISMAN" is a moderately well written drama, in one act, designed to illustrate the snares, the dangers and temptations with which false and flattering courtiers continually surround a young and inexperienced Prince, and the final success which attends him when he listens to the sage instructions of his old tutor, who is too honest to flatter, or to commend his youthful follies.

M. Halley personated the young Prince, Florimond, with commendable fidelity, and was well supported by the Baron St. Vallery (W. Irvine) and the three young courtiers, J. Fox, W. Taulby and C. Ross. The Prince appreciated the wisdom of the "Spirit of the Wood" (C. Faxon), and the audience testified their approval; while the poor hard-working gardener (D. Nelson) received expressions of sympathy. At the conclusion of "THE TALISMAN" Master Halley declaimed "Sheridan's Ride." A little more freedom in gesture and modulation of voice would have improved the rendition; nevertheless, few among the audience could have done it better.

But the "PRINCE OF PORTAGE PRAIRIE" was the real feature of the Exhibition. What is it? an extravaganza, burletta or spectacular drama? The programme called it the latter, and apologized by saying it was written for an entirely different occasion. It may have been, but it suited this occasion very well. Its chief merit and highest praise is its very absurdity—its skilful combination of impossible acts and actors—its notorious, wilful, and premeditated violation of every known rule and tradition of the stage. The splendor and elegance in which the Prince lives, and the *agremens* of his polished court, call down upon him the vengeance of the Duke of Goshen. But the northern barbarians from Michigan interrupt his warlike designs by an invasion in which the Prince is captured. The Prince was well taken by W. Irvine, who bore himself—whether in palace, in prison or on the battle-field—with the most stoical indifference and, in the last act, died with seeming alacrity. M. Halley comprehended the part of Alexander,

and played it well. C. Hagan made a model Duke of Goshen. He was easy and natural on the stage, and ordered his troops to burn Bertrand with a *sang froid* that was truly warlike. The final capture of the castle, and the dreadful slaughter which followed (from which not a man escaped), the triangular duel in which the Prince, the Duke and the graceful and accomplished Marquis of South Bend (F. Hoffman) mutually kill one another, was well calculated to bring out the entire strength of the Society. They were too numerous to mention, and it is, perhaps, sufficient to say that the *tout ensemble* made a scene that was perfectly irresistible. The Old Necromancer of Niles (F. X. Goldsberry) finally restored them all to life and reconciled their asperities to such an extent that they all join in a friendly quadrille, which constitutes the grand tableau and *finale*.

The Barber of Mishawaka, (N. Van Namee), with his big razor, and his colored brother (W. Davis) caused considerable merriment by their comicalities; the latter deserves special praise for his excellent vocalization of that beautiful old song, "The Old Log Cabin in the Lane." Dr. Pangloss (W. Turnbull), Corporal of Zouaves (C. Gustine), the Hermit (D. Nelson), the Water Spirit (C. Peltier), the Commander of Zouaves (A. K. Schmidt), were well represented, and all reflect credit upon the youthful Society.

Rev. President Colovin, in behalf of Very Rev. A. Granger, thanked the Society for their excellent Entertainment, and the audience retired seemingly well satisfied with the "Prince of Portage Prairie" and the Burning of Bertrand. The press was well represented. We noticed among the audience such veteran journalists as D. S. Marsh of the *Tribune*, Chas. T. Murray and his beautiful young wife, the gifted "Nemo" of the *Herald*, Hon. W. C. McMichael, and others.

Obituary.

—As we announced in the last number of the SCHOLASTIC, Rev. ADRIAN LOUIS ROSECRANS died on the morning of the 11th inst., at seven o'clock, at the convent of the Paulist Fathers, in Fifty-ninth street, New York. Father Rosecrans was the son of Major-General Rosecrans and a nephew of Bishop Rosecrans of Columbus, Ohio. He was born on the 28th of May, 1849, at Newport, R. I. In his youth he manifested a liking for the works of the great writers on religious subjects, and before he went to college he was disposed to make theology a special study. He received part of his education at Notre Dame University. No student has ever left his *alma mater* with a fairer fame, and his memory is still cherished by all who knew him here. From the Catholic press we learn that from his earliest years Father Rosecrans manifested a desire to become a clergyman, his father and mother being both converts to the Church; accordingly, as soon as an opportunity offered, he entered the Paulist community, where, having completed his theological studies, he in 1872 was ordained priest by his uncle, Bishop Rosecrans, and shortly after was sent to New England to aid by his labors the efforts of his brothers in religion. He there exhibited a rare facility in preaching. After accomplishing a great deal of work among the inhabitants of the Northern States he was sent to the West, where in Ohio and the neighboring States he labored for a long time in the rural districts. From these States he was sent to California to continue his missionary efforts, and there it is thought his indomitable energy and devotion to duty exposed him to the disease—consumption—which ultimately occasioned his death. At all events his health failed on his return to New York, and during his residence there it has been constantly declining. Latterly he had been engaged in writing articles for the *Catholic World* and other magazines of a

like character, to which kind of work he seemed specially adapted by feeling and temperament. The *Ave Maria* says: The funeral took place from the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, on Saturday last. A large number of the Rev. clergy of the city assisted. After the chanting of the Office for the Dead a solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem was offered up by Rt. Rev. Sylvester H. Rosecrans, D. D., Bishop of Columbus (uncle of the deceased), assisted by Fathers Hill and Dwyer. Father Elliott preached the funeral sermon, which was an eloquent and touching tribute to the memory of his brother and friend. There were few unmoistened eyes in the congregation when the manly voice of the preacher faltered as he read the telegraphic despatch of General Rosecrans on hearing of the death of his son: "Lay him beside his Paulist brethren, awaiting the resurrection. God bless those who have been kind to him." At the conclusion of the Mass the body was borne to the Cathedral, accompanied by Bishop Rosecrans, Father Hecker, C. S. P., Vicar-General Quinn, and the Fathers of the Community. There, "beside his Paulist brethren," Father Rosecrans sleeps in peace. On the plate of the coffin was the simple inscription:—"Adrianus Ludovicus Rosecrans; ab dormivit in Domino; IX. Maii, MDCCCLXXVI.; ætate 26 ann., 11 mens., 11 dies; cum Christo in pace." R. I. P.

Personal.

- Stephen Kennedy, of '75, is in Sharon, Pa.
- James Spillard, of '73, is reading law in Elgin, Ill.
- Frank Gahan, of '74, is living with his father in Elgin, Ill.
- John Rourke, of '75, is in partnership with his father in Pittsburgh.
- We learn that E. M. Brown, of '65, is about to quit his state of single blessedness.
- James Nolan, of '67, is a civil engineer on the L. S. & M. S. RR., at Cleveland.
- We were pleased to see T. A. Dailey, of '75, at the Entertainment last Tuesday.
- Mrs. L. E. Widdecombe, of Sturgis, Mich., was visiting her son at the College this last week.
- The Editor of the SCHOLASTIC spent two pleasant days at Niles, in the beginning of the week.
- Rev. Fr. M. B. Brown, of '62, is teaching Theology at the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis.
- Wm. Stace, of '65, and wife, have been visiting Mrs. and Prof. Stace in South Bend. They attended the Philopatrian Exhibition.
- By the Fort Wayne *Daily News* we see that Geo. Mayer, of '65, has invented a patent for a contrivance for preventing snatchers from taking bodies from graves.
- Henry E. Lewis, Esq., of Philadelphia, who taught drawing at Notre Dame some sixteen years ago, was present at the Philopatrian Exhibition on the 16th. Prof. Lewis is visiting his son-in-law, Prof. Ivers.
- Among the visitors on the night of the Philopatrians' Exhibition were Mr. Murray, editor of the *South Bend Herald*, and wife; Mr. Marsh, of the *South Bend Tribune*, and many others whose names were not given to us.
- Very Rev. Father Sorin was to have left Liverpool on the 11th inst., on the City of Berlin, of the Inman Line, and will it is hoped reach New York in the course of next week. This last voyage of his to the Old World has been the most eventful, the most painful one of his life—one never to be forgotten either by Father Sorin or any of his late fellow-passengers on the unfortunate—or rather we should say fortunate—*Amerique*; and the feeling of pleasure which will welcome his safe return home cannot fail to be reciprocated by him. If the feelings of the tourist or traveller are so highly wrought on returning again to his home after an absence of some time, even though no dangerous episode has marked his journey, how much more affecting must those feelings be when accompanied by a consciousness that the separation from home and

friends had nearly been for all time! And such was really Father Sorin's case. The vessel in which he and other friends had embarked was not only in imminent danger of shipwreck, but had they not met with timely and Providential relief starvation would soon have stared them in the face. It is then not at all surprising that his return is anxiously looked for and a hearty welcome awaits him at Notre Dame. We were glad to hear that Right Rev. Bishop Gilmore, of Cleveland, had so far recovered his health as to be able to return to his diocese and would probably accompany Father Sorin on the City of Berlin. We wish them both *bon voyage*.

Local Items.

- Classes progress with their usual vigor.
- The Quicksteps have a set of canvass bases for their ball-grounds.
- The circulation of the *Ave Maria* has almost doubled this past year.
- The Juanitas beat the Centennials on the 14th by a score of 9 to 4.
- Quoits are the thing among the Juniors now. Who is the champion?
- The storm on Wednesday afternoon interfered somewhat with baseball.
- All should remember that hard work is necessary until the end of the year.
- The triple competitions excite a great deal of emulation among the students.
- What with rain and sunshine this past week, the young sprouts have shot up wonderfully.
- Every one should renew their subscription to the SCHOLASTIC before going home. See to it.
- Every one of the old students should return during Commencement-week if they can possibly do so.
- All the young gentlemen having parts in the Philopatrian Exhibition acquitted themselves handsomely.
- A large number of visitors from South Bend attended the Philopatrian Exhibition on Tuesday evening last.
- We learn that there will be an unusually large number of the old students back during Commencement-week.
- We think that the Miamis would play a better game of baseball if they would yell a little louder and oftener.
- It is expected that the number of visitors here during Commencement-week will be larger than in any former year.
- The Alumni will have one of their most pleasant reunions this coming June. None should be away who can possibly attend.
- A game of base-ball was begun on Wednesday between the Miamis and Quicksteps. At the end of the 4th innings the game was interrupted by the storm.
- The *Weekly Visitor*, from Providence, R. I. has been added to our exchange list. It is a better paper than many more pretentious ones. We wish it success.
- Messrs. Herman Leipziger and Wm. Binsack, of Indianapolis, are the painters assisting Prof. Gregori on the Church. They understand their business well.
- The great rush for Centennial straws to the Student's Office, Tuesday p. m., shows how clearly the students appreciated the good taste displayed in purchasing such fine goods.
- The Zouave drill at the Philopatrian Exhibition was greatly admired. The troops were under the command of A. K. Schmidt, who showed great skill in manœuvering his troops.
- The Minims will share in the many improvements being made near their Campus by having their yard widened and a new fence built around their grounds—an improvement long wished for.
- The first game for the local championship between the Centennials and Internationals was interrupted by the rain

at the end of the 8th inning, when the score stood 16 to 6 in favor of the Centennials.

—We call special attention to the list of unreturned books taken from the *Ave Maria* Library, published in this week's SCHOLASTIC. More particularly is the gentleman having Vol. 48 of the *Dublin Review* requested to return it immediately.

—Rt. Rev. Dr. Borgess, Bishop of Detroit, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at Niles, Mich., on the 16th, to sixty-eight persons. He was assisted by Rev. Fr. Scutches, Rev. Fr. Capon and several clergymen from Notre Dame.

—The Rev. President Colovin's sermon, in St. Patrick's Church, Sunday night, is reported to have been one of the cleverest and most logical expositions of the Catholic doctrine on the invocation of the Saints that was ever given to that congregation.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—On the 14th inst. a closely contested game of baseball was played between the Quicksteps and Alpines. At the close of the 9th innings the score stood 15 to 14 in favor of the Quicksteps. The winning nine gave their opponents four coats of whitewash and received two in return.

—The 24th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Club was held Saturday, May 13th. After the reading of a criticism by Mr. Cooney the following gentlemen delivered declamations: J. P. McHugh, "The Grave-digger"; L. D. Murphy, "The Editor's Guests"; G. Sullivan, "Shaun's Head"; and F. W. Maas, Jr., "Barbara Frietchie."

—The following books are missed from the *Ave Maria* Library. Persons having any of these volumes in their possession, or knowing of their whereabouts, will confer a favor by informing the editor: Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on the Church; Interior of Jesus and Mary, vol. I; History of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America; Le Trois Rome, par Mgr. Gaume, vol. I; Fioretti di San Francesco, vol. II; L'Immaculee Conception de la Bienheureuse Vierge Marie, Mgr. Mahro, vol. II; Maria Monk's Daughter; La Theologie Affective, vol. I, II, III; Instructions Morales, par Ildelfonse de Bressanvido, vols. I, II, III, IV; Dictionnaire de Theologie, tome II; Memoirs du Cardinal Gonsalvi, vol. II; Sermons de Bossuet, vols. I and II; Notes, by Father Faber, vol. II; La Vierge Marie, par Nicolas, vol. II; L'Excellence de Marie, vol. I; La Mano di Dio, vol. II; Meditations par M. le Curé de Saint Sulpice, vol. I; Thesaurus Biblicus, vol. I; Christophe Colomb, R. de Lorgues, vol. I; History of the Middle Ages by Koeppen, vol. I; Œuvres de Sainte Thérèse, vol. III; Université Catholique, vol. V (wanted to complete a set of 34 volumes); Dublin Review, vol. 48, bound in half morocco (to complete set of 52 vols.); Barthelemy Les Vies de tous Les Saints de France, vols. I and II; Life of Christ, by Louis Veuillot.

—Of the Philopatrian Exhibition the *South Bend Herald* says: "...The main feature of the evening, however, was the presentation of a comedy written by our friend Stace with the mashing title of "The Prince of Portage Prairie, or the Burning of Bertrand." It was, indeed as laid down in the bills, "a grand spectacular drama." There was a princely opening, a cabinet wrangle and an attack of Indians, with a suicide, abduction and war-dance precipitated into the first act. It drew. The *Prince* was a noble fellow who loved Mishawaka lager, while the *Duke of Goshen* and *Marquis of South Bend* fairly rivalled him in point of get up and staginess. The drill of the F. T. Zouaves in the third act was one of the best things in the play, and the *Barber of Mishawaka* brought down the house. We were as much pleased to note the ingenuity and wit of the playwright as to witness the performance. The slaughter of all the Indians and zouaves in the last act and the suicide of the leaders beat anything in that line ever attempted by any author. The final restoration to life of the whole party by a simple twist of the wrist, applied to a hand-organ, was a triumph of genius. It was a laughable piece and well presented throughout. We must not omit the mention of young Davis in the negro character, and song of "Log Cabin in the Lane," which would have done a professional infinite credit."

—Of "The Prince of Portage Prairie" the *South Bend Tribune* says: "After some music by the University orches-

tra, the principal feature of the evening's entertainment was begun. This of course was the drama, "The Prince of Portage Prairie, or the Burning of Bertrand." It was announced on the programme as "a grand spectacular drama, written expressly for an entirely different occasion by a member of the faculty." The author is Prof. Stace, and as an extravaganza, it is a success, being one of the wildest of the wild. Its local bearing and a hint of its fun may be inferred from the following quotations from the characters: "The Prince," (down on his luck); "Alexander" (one of the b'hoys); "Duke of Goshen," (on the Treasury thieves), "Marquis of South Bend," (who never drinks); "The Barber of Mishawaka" (on the fence); "Burgomaster of Edwardsburgh;" "Necromancer of Niles" (Old Mice), etc. There were a good many local hits, and they were received with shouts of laughter. In one of the scenes an Indian war-dance was introduced and so suddenly did the youthful actors burst upon the stage in war paint, feathers, blankets, hatchets, and with wild whoops, that the spectators got a pretty lively idea of what the genuine article might be. A Zouave drill was also performed upon the stage which was done exceedingly well, although the boys only commenced training a month ago. W. Davis sang "The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane" most handsomely, and other matters not altogether pertinent to the play, but which were nevertheless very diverting, were here and there interlarded. A shocking fight takes place near the conclusion of the drama between the Zouaves and the Indians, in which the stage is filled with the slain. Everybody succumbs to the general fate and it begins to look as though the audience were to be sent away in a dreadful melancholy frame of mind, when "Old Mice," the necromancer, appears on the scene and gives a few twists on a crank. Presto! change! The dead come to life, and princes, dignitaries, Zouaves, Indians and all indulge in an amicable modern dance, lighted up until the going down of the curtain in true tableau style with red fire."

—The Lecture delivered in Phelan Hall on the 14th, by Prof. O. Schnurrer, was on "The Philosophy of History." The lecture was in the German language, for the especial benefit of those of the students who are studying German, and the large audience manifested its pleasure in such manner as showed their high appreciation of its merits. The Professor introduced himself with a few pleasant remarks which placed both him and his audience on the best of terms. He then turned to his subject; and stated that, as a Catholic, it was but proper to commence where all history began—where History and Theology intertwined—for they sprang from the same basis, and when you would destroy Theology you must necessarily destroy the fundamental part of History. History and Theology have a close affinity, and it is impossible to find anything in the one to conflict with or contradict the other. The lecturer cited theological propositions to bear him out in his assertions, showed the utility of history for a proper understanding of Theology, as well the absolute necessity of a theological basis for history, citing in instance the theological facts of the omnipotence of God, His infinite justice on the one hand, and His infinite mercy on the other, with the inscrutability of His ways; then the facts of history based on or having relation to these—namely the Creation, the Fall, the Punishment, the Redemption, the Power of Prayer, the Punishment of Sin, etc. The lecturer explained the classifications of history, and in speaking of profane history he called it "the history of blood"; the first deed recorded in profane history was a deed of blood, and since that time its records are those of blood and violence, as the lecturer strikingly exemplified in a review of the history of various tribes and nations. He then brings us through Athens, Sparta, Corinth—*Non licet omnes addere Corinthum*,—thence to Rome, the mistress of the world, and shows us the crimes of all kinds that were perpetrated there—deeds of blood—everything bearing the seal of blood. Next, to the wilds of the North, where people are of a cold and phlegmatic temperament, in order to escape if possible the scenes of blood we cannot avoid in populous cities. What do we see there? Passing through Zalia, everywhere traces of blood. Cross we the Rhine, and enter Germania, blood; cross over to China, and we find crime and deceit the order of the day; to India, and we are met

with a belief that the more human beings are sacrificed to their divinities the better will these be pleased; to Egypt, and we find the acts of the Pharaohs sealed with blood. This of course, naturally brings us back to the origin of these evils, the Fall; of which both theology and history treat; then the succeeding infidelities of individuals, tribes and nations, until the greater portion of mankind lived in utter forgetfulness of their Creator, rejecting the admonitions of His prophets, contemning their threats, until the just judgments of God finally overtook them; then it is that we see why God repented Him that He made man, as is recorded by Moses, the first of historians. The lecturer concluded by showing how useful to all was the study of history—useful alike to men in every state of life—useful to the divine, the physician, the lawyer and the merchant. As he retired from the stand the lecturer was greeted with loud and hearty applause.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Brown, V. Baca, W. Ball, W. Breen, D. Byrnes, F. Bearss, F. Belford, F. Brady, P. Cooney, F. Claffey, J. Connolly, J. Cooney, H. Cassidy, T. Carroll, J. Coleman, F. Devoto, H. Dehner, I. Dryfoos, J. Dempsey, J. Ewing, L. Evers, P. Flanagan, W. Fogarty, E. Graves, T. Gallagher, G. Gross, J. Harkin, J. Herrmann, P. W. Hennessy, F. Keller, P. Kennedy, J. Kreutzer, J. Krost, E. Monohan, Peter Mattimore, Patrick Mattimore, H. Maguire, L. Murphy, S. Miller, R. Maas, J. Miller, P. McCawley, L. McCollum, R. McGrath, J. McHugh, J. McEniry, P. McCullough, M. McCue, S. McDonnell, P. Neill, J. Neidhart, H. O'Brien, J. O'Rourke, Carl Otto, J. Obert, J. Perea, T. Peifer, W. Pollard, T. Quinn, W. Smith, G. Saylor, G. Sullivan, F. Schlink, F. Vandervanet, W. Wells, R. White, J. Caren.

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Class Honors.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1876.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

T. H. Quinn, P. McCawley, G. Fishburn, J. Coleman, C. Saylor, G. B. Saylor, P. W. Mattimore, P. J. Mattimore, H. O'Brien, F. Keller, L. McCollum, J. Harkin, F. Rettig, P. Flanagan, J. C. O'Rourke, M. Cross, G. Frauenknecht, W. Pollard, W. Fogarty, J. Neidhart, J. McEniry, F. Schlink, P. McCullough, F. P. Brady, J. Kreutzer, E. S. White, T. Carroll, F. Claffey, H. Faxon, W. Irvine, J. Foley, M. Hoffman, J. Hagerty.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. McDevitt, W. Coolbaugh, G. Lambin, W. Van Pelt, W. Cash, W. Smith, S. Bushey, C. Bushey, H. McDonald, E. Oatman, C. Long, J. Gilbert, L. Napp.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—The competition in Modern History between the Graduating and First Senior Classes, to come off on the 17th, will no doubt be very spirited, for each side has determined to come out conqueror....The supper prepared last Wednesday by the young ladies of the Graduating Class was well gotten up and highly relished by their guests. These

practical experiments in Domestic Economy give the students a right appreciation of that most essential art....The earnest application to studies prevailing in all the classes is a sure proof that the pupils will not disappoint the sanguine expectations of parents and teachers at the approaching Examination....The subject of dress, though of such primary importance in some circles, is a very subordinate one at St. Mary's. A simple white dress, with white, blue, or pink sash, according as they are to be worn by Seniors, Juniors, or Minims, is certainly not a very expensive costume for Commencement-day. No extra jewelry beyond that allowed in the published rules, "breastpin and earrings," to be worn. Nor is demand made for any expensive uniform. A simple blue or pink lawn is all that is required to enable a pupil to conform to published rules, and if all parents would only second the efforts made at St. Mary's to simplify the dress of young girls much could be done to promote a truly refined taste among them....The Minims are really getting to be scientifically important. They received, last week, an invitation from Rev. Father Zahm to visit the Museum and Laboratory in Phelan Hall, Notre Dame, and it is needless to say they joyously accepted the proffered honor. They seemed much impressed with some of the more striking of the phenomena of magnetism, electro-magnetism, and magneto and static electricity, and although they may not have understood what they saw they nevertheless manifested such an interest in each new experiment as really did them credit. Having taken a critical survey of the Cabinet of Physics and the Laboratory, they proceeded to the Cabinets of Zoölogy, Geology and Mineralogy; the little folk had each an opinion to express of the rocks and fossils of the different ages, but their attention was ultimately called to a matter upon which they were better able to decide—namely the rather agreeable task of testing the quality of some excellent cake and milk. This examination, in which all took part, was very satisfactory; and the unanimous opinion of the Minims is that said milk was perfectly free from aqueous dilution, and said cake a most perfect chemical compound. A Minim's opinion on such matters is good authority. Their intellectual labors completed, they concluded to measure the distance from the Museum to St. Mary's. They struck a bee-line from one point to the other and made the distance in time for the May devotions. Our scientific Minims will long remember their visit to Phelan Hall and, tender many thanks to Rev. Father Zahm for his kindness.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Deportment and Strict Observance of Rules, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Clarke, H. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehey, K. Joyce, A. St. Clair, L. Arnold, E. York, I. Reynolds, K. McNamara, L. Ritchie, A. O'Connor, J. Nanning, M. Julius, M. Brady, M. Walsh, L. Henrotin, E. Mann, A. Duncan, S. Hole, M. Craveus, P. Gaynor, A. Dennehey, M. Spier, R. Casey, A. Henneberry, J. Kreigh, K. Hutchinson, R. Neteler, B. Spencer, G. Welch, H. Russell, M. and E. Thompson, S. Moran, E. O'Connor, I. Maas, S. and I. Ejes, N. Tuttle, K. Casey, G. Youell, L. Gustine, S. Swalley, L. Moran, N. King, E. Cannon, E. Edes, L. Fawcett, L. Tighe, S. Cash, D. Cavenor, D. Osborne, H. Hand, M. Usselman, M. Markey, L. Schwass, L. Leppig, F. Gurney, C. Morrill, C. Fawcett, J. Darcy, L. Weber, A. McCormack, M. Halligan, 100 *par excellence*. Misses A. Walsh, J. Bennet, M. Faxon, F. Dilger, M. Dunbar, L. Johnson, B. Wade, A. Byrne, E. O'Neil, M. Dailey, C. Morgan, M. Gaynor, B. Siler, G. Wells, M. Hooper, A. Miller, L. Brownbridge, R. Filbeck, 100.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Harris*, B. Wilson*, A. Cavenor*, N. McGrath*, M. Ewing*, M. O'Connor*, M. Hogan*, M. Redfield*, M. Hoffman*, M. Mulligan*, A. Kirchner*, A. Morgan*, N. Johnson*, D. Gordon*, J. Mitchell*, M. McGrath*, A. Cullen, E. Lange, N. Mann, L. Hutchinson, E. Wight, L. Faulkner, L. Merritt, A. McGrath, J. Kingsbury, M. Schulthies, J. Holladay, M. Brooks, I. Fisk, L. Walsh, L. Chilton, H. Dryfoos, M. Davis, L. Wight, A. Koch, L. Kinsella.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Ewing*, E. Mulligan*, C. Hughes*, M. Hughes*, E. Simpson*, F. Fitz*, J. Smith*, M. Feehan*, M. Lambin*, R. Goldsberry*, C. Trull*, A. Duffield*, E. Hughes*, L. and A. Schnurrer*, J. Duffield, M. McFadden.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

We omit this week the usual mention, as the examination of Music Classes will take place soon. Honorable mentions through the session show attention and progress; but examination notes give the class standing of each young lady. Be diligent, and success will be certain. The Faculty expect a marked improvement—do not dissappoint them.

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On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

| 3 Trains with Through Cars to NEW YORK. | No. 2. Day Ex. Ex. Sund'y | No. 6. Pac. Exp. Daily. | No. 4. Night Ex. Ex Sa & Su |
|--|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Lv. CHICAGO..... | 9 00 a.m. | 5 15 p.m. | 10 00 p.m. |
| Ar. FT. WAYNE..... | 2 25 p.m. | 11 35 " | 5 20 a.m. |
| " Rochester..... | 1 18 a.m. | 11 12 " | 5 53 " |
| " Pittsburgh..... | 2 20 " | 12 15 p.m. | 7 05 " |
| Lv. Pittsburgh..... | 3 10 " | 1 10 " | 8 10 " |
| Ar. Cresson..... | | | |
| " Harrisburg..... | 12 05 p.m. | 11 05 " | 4 13 " |
| " Baltimore..... | 6 25 " | 3 15 a.m. | 7 45 " |
| " Washington..... | 9 10 " | 6 20 " | 9 07 " |
| " Philadelphia..... | 4 15 " | 3 10 " | 8 05 " |
| " New York..... | 7 35 " | 6 50 " | 11 15 " |
| " New Haven..... | 11 10 " | 10 49 " | 3 36 p.m. |
| " Hartford..... | 12 40 a.m. | 12 23 " | 5 55 " |
| " Springfield..... | 1 35 " | 1 00 p.m. | 7 03 " |
| " Providence..... | 4 25 " | 3 48 " | 7 40 " |
| " Boston..... | 5 50 " | 4 50 " | 05 " |

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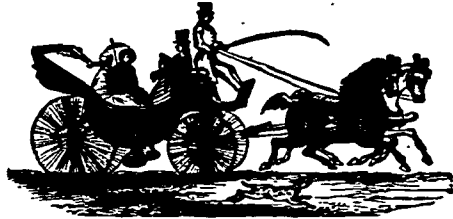
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refer, by permission, to the Superiors of both Institutions.

P. SHICKEY.

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, April 16, 1876, trains will leave South Bend as
follows:

GOING EAST.

2 40 a. m., Night Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo
9 50; Cleveland 2 40 p.m.; Buffalo 9 05.

10 36 a. m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 35 p.m.;
Cleveland 10 10.

12 27 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives
at Toledo 5 50; Cleveland 10 10; Buffalo 4 00 a. m.

9 11 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo,
2 40; Cleveland, 7 00; Buffalo, 1 05 p. m.

11 25 p. m., Fast Mail, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 3 50 a. m.;
Cleveland 7 10 a. m., Buffalo 12 45 p. m.

7 00 p. m., Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 41 a. m., Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 45 p. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5 06 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 6; Chicago 8 20 a. m.

4 54 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50;
Chicago, 8 20.

8 01 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 01 a. m.; Chi-
cago, 11 30 a. m.

3 38 a. m., Fast Mail. Arrives at Laporte 4 28 a. m.; Chicago,
6 55 a. m.

8 55 a. m., Local Freight.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—November 21, 1875.

| | *Mail. | *Day Express. | *Kal. Accom. | †Atlantic Express. | ‡Night Express |
|------------------|-----------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Lv. Chicago..... | 5 00 a.m. | 9 00 a.m. | 4 00 p.m. | 5 15 p.m. | 9 00 p.m. |
| " Mich. City.. | 7 32 " | 11 00 " | 6 30 " | 7 40 " | 11 15 " |
| " Niles..... | 9 02 " | 12 09 p.m. | 8 20 " | 8 55 " | 12 35 " |
| " Jackson..... | 2 08 p.m. | 3 55 " | Express. | 12 40 a.m. | 4 52 " |
| Ar. Detroit..... | 5 45 " | 6 25 " | 10 15 " | 3 30 " | 8 00 a.m. |
| Lv. Detroit..... | 7 00 a.m. | 10 05 a.m. | 4 00 p.m. | 5 40 p.m. | 9 50 p.m. |
| " Jackson..... | 10 40 " | 12 32 p.m. | 7 15 " | 9 25 " | 12 42 a.m. |
| " Niles..... | 3 45 p.m. | 4 23 " | 6 10 a.m. | 2 30 a.m. | 4 30 " |
| " Mich. City.. | 5 10 " | 5 35 " | 7 50 " | 4 05 " | 5 50 " |
| Ar. Chicago..... | 7 30 " | 8 00 " | 10 20 " | 6 30 " | 8 00 " |

Niles and South Bend Division.

GOING NORTH.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------|-----------|-------------|-------------|
| Lv. South Bend— | 8 15 a.m. | 7 15 p.m. | \$9 00 a.m. | \$7 00 p.m. |
| " Notre Dame— | 8 22 " | 7 23 " | 9 07 " | 7 07 " |
| Ar. Niles— | 9 00 " | 8 00 " | 9 40 " | 7 40 " |

GOING SOUTH.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------|-----------|-------------|-------------|
| Lv. Niles— | 6 30 a.m. | 4 20 p.m. | \$8 00 a.m. | \$5 00 p.m. |
| " Notre Dame— | 7 07 " | 4 56 " | 8 32 " | 5 32 " |
| Ar. South Bend— | 7 15 " | 5 05 " | 8 40 " | 5 40 " |

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted:
\$Sunday only.

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Agent, South Bend,

WM. B. STRONG,
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| Our Flag is there. | Men of Harlech. [Welch]. |
| Red, White and Blue. | Partant pour Syrie. |
| Yankee Doodle. | Marseilles Hymn. |
| To thee, O Country. | Garibaldi Hymn. |
| Columbia the Gem. | King Oscar. [Swedish]. |
| Watch on the Rhine. | Campbell's are Comin'. |
| Fatherland. [German.] | Bruce's Address. |
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